Ray Conniff "The Christmas Song"

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She was his girl, he was her boyfriend She'd be his wife and make him her husband A surprise on the way, any day, any day One healthy and little giggling, dribbling baby boy

The wise men came, three made their way To shower him with love while he lay in the hay Shower him with love, love, love Love, love, love, love was all around

Not very much of his childhood was known Kept his mother Mary, worried always out on his own He met another Mary, who for a reasonable fee Less than reputable was known to be

His heart was full of love, love, love Love, love, love, love was all around

When Jesus Christ was nailed to his tree Said, Oh, Daddy, oh, I can see how it all soon will be I came to shed a little light on this darkening sea Instead I fear I've spilled the blood of my children all around

The blood of our children all around The blood of our children all around

So I'm told, so the story goes
The people then knew they were less than golden
hearted
Gamblers and robbers, drinkers and jokers
But all soul searchers just like you and me, like you and
me

Rumors insisted that he soon would be For his deviations taken into custody By the authorities, less informed than he Drinkers and jokers, all soul searchers

Searching for love, love, love Love, love, love, love was all around Preparations were made for His celebration day He said eat this bread but think of it as me Drink this wine and dream It will be the blood of our children all around

The blood of our children all around The blood of our children all around

Father, up above, why in all this anger Do you fill us up with love, love, love? Love, love, love, love is all around

And Father, up above, why in all this hatred Do you fill us up with love, love, love Love, love, love, love is all around

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